

OUR WOMAN'S PAGE.

GARDEN GOWNS FOR LADIES. NO
LONGER IN FIRST YOUTH.

A WARNING TO THE RECKLESS SHOPPER

It is, Beware of Blouse Lengths—
The New Black Coat—Grey Skirts
to Be Worn—Huge for Lace—The
Proper Sunshade.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)
NEW YORK, August 20.—As the season
for garden parties is now commencing,
a few descriptions of gowns worn at these
functions will be acceptable. Before I
enter upon this subject, let me say that I
think dressmakers and designers seem
to imagine that the only people who fre-
quent garden parties are between the
ages of 15 and 25, and the consequence
is that one is frequently distressed at
the sight of matrons "sweltering"—no
other word properly describes it—in every
known and unknown variety of black
silk and satin, not to mention brocades
and heavy bengalines, with the thermom-
eter at something over 80 degrees in the
shade, and looking, with ill-concealed
envy, at the cool muslins, foulards, etc.,
around them.

This is not necessary, as I have proved
by my researches this week. A very
pretty matron of my acquaintance, who
has just "brought out" her only daughter,
to my mind hit the happy medium,
which is so desirable a thing from a
modest point of view, with a gown she
wore at a recent garden party. She is
still quite a young-looking woman, and
she very properly refuses to be con-
sidered passé just because she possesses
a girl old enough to accompany her
mother to parties. The material of the
gown in question, then, was mousseline
de soie, one of the new makes in a deli-
cate shade of gray, patterned over with
oblong squares of black, whilst from the
centre of each oblong sprang a tiny green
rose and its leaves. The foundation was
of pale silk in the same shade of gray,
and the trained skirt was bordered with
five rows of ribbon frills in black satin.

To my mind, however, the charm of that
gown lay in the cunningly contrived
bodice. This was of the ordinary shape,
light-fitting, and pointed back and front,
with the full pleats on either side of the
bust drawn into a band of green ribbon
velvet, finished with a bow. But the
happy touch lay in the square grille—
what smart bodice is without one?—at
the top. This was of bouillonné white
chiffon, over white satin, and the broad
equilibrés, which extended some three
or four inches over each sleeve, matched
it, and were edged with a frill of the
black satin ribbon.

A smart gown, intended for a well-
known society woman, who, though long
past her youth, is still a markedly beau-
tiful woman, was shown to me the other
day. This was of shepherd's cloak-check,
and a rather large design than that
usually inferred by the term, in black,
white, and gray. The material was a
soft, ribbed silk. The trained skirt was
absolutely plain, save for innumerable
rows of black satin piping, which reached
from hem to waist, and were set on with
a ladder-like effect, which was chic in
the extreme. The bodice was a tight-
fitting one, with a corset belt of black
satin, fastening on the left side with two
buckles of cut glass. These are, I believe,
a great novelty; therefore, the fact is
worth noting, as they have only just
made their appearance. The deep grille
at the neck was a square one, bordered
with a piping of black satin, and filled
in with orange-colored chiffon, worked
with black sequins of a conventional de-
sign of lotus and lotus leaves. The
sleeves were piped with the black satin

Bewildering Variety of Milliners' Frames for Pretty Faces!



Retroussé hat of blue satin straw
with scarlet poppy and
bunch of wheat.

The new Alsation bow hat trim-
ming, figured taffeta silk, cut
bias from the pieces, bound
with black velvet
and wired.

The coquettish Tricorne is the hat
of the moment in Paris and a
shape which we shall see
in felt and velvet
this winter.

Hats of fine white rice straw with
white ostrich feathers meeting
beneath a buckle. A white
and gray lace set covers
the brim and shades
the face. Strings
of the same
lace.

The Lampion, a variety of the new
tricorne shape, in Manila
straw, bordered with black
velvet. A large ro-
sette of black vel-
vet at the left
front.

piping from shoulder to wrist, and had
ruffles of old lace and orange-colored
chiffon. The back of the corset was
adorned with a softly-fitted bow and long
ends of the same chiffon. I am aware
that this sounds rather incongruous, but
the effect obtained was really excellent,
and did much to soften the severity of
the gown, the accompanying toque being
composed entirely of black tulle, orange-
colored poppies, and a single white ostrich
tip.

THE SUNSHADE.

The sunshade provided for this gown
was so beautiful that it really merits a
paragraph all to itself. The outer side
was of the silk, matching the dress,
with chiffon frills in white, gray, and
black, and inside it was just one mass
of ruffled orange chiffon, whilst, when
closed, a long spray of orange-silk poppies,
matching those in the toque, curved
themselves round in a manner whose
mystery made its charm, for you could
never tell where it began nor where
it ended.

But by far the prettiest dress of any
shown to me that morning was one in-
tended for a not uncommon type of
woman nowadays—the one with absolute-
ly white hair and a very young face.
This especial gown was of a pale, sil-
very-blue—a blue with a good deal of
gray in its depth. The material was of
the new make of bengaline, which is pe-
culiarly light and soft, and lends itself
admirably to draping. The trained skirt
had a single deep flounce of modern point,
set in under a ruffling of black chiffon.
The tight-fitting bodice had the fulness
in front drawn down into a sash of black
chiffon, whilst the grille was a transpa-
rent one of point lace over black chiffon.
The sleeves were also of the lace, and
also transparent; they finished at the
wrist with accordion-pleated ruffles of
the chiffon, and the entire dress was

lined throughout with silk of its own
hue. A charming touch of Tuscan straw,
trimmed with deep-red roses and black
cherries was provided by way of head-
gear.

THE RAGE FOR LACE INCREASING.

Just now, while the sales are in full
swing, the women who have the happy
knack of shopping not only well, but
wisely, can possess themselves—and they
will of many an odd length of dress ma-
terial, or gauze, or lace, or passement-
erie, which the clever fingers of their
pet "little woman" may transform into
a thing of beauty, if not forever, at least
for present needs. Just one word of
warning, however, I would whisper into
the ear of the intending and too reck-
less shopper: Beware of the seductions
of those short lengths of chine, lace or
other silks, unless you contemplate the
utilization thereof for petticoat purposes,
for—I regret to say it, but it must be
said—the blouse worn in conjunction with
a black skirt has seen its best days.
True, blouses do still obtain in the home
circle, and those of muslin tucked and
with a great deal that is beautiful in the
way of entre-deux of Valenciennes
have much to recommend them
when worn in unison with a pique or
duck skirt, but the reign of the blouse
for all smart occasions is over—alack!
that I should have to chronicle it—and
during the present season it has been
conspicuous by its absence from all really
smart wardrobes.

The black coat—Directoire-like as to
laspes, and made lovely by every variety
of vest, huge (the bigger the better) but-
tons of cut-glass adorning it on either
side, or lending distinction to its gen-
erous revers—has taken its place. So be
on the lookout for an odd length of satin,
brocade antique, or other silken material

from which, if the prospect pleases you,
you or your chosen tire-woman may
fashion you a garment in this mode,
which, by the way, bids fair to hold its
own through the ensuing autumn season.
For winter we shall probably have them
in velvet of every hue with vests of fur,
at least, so a whisper from Paris tells
me, although it is over-early days to
think of gray or of mauve-gray, and a
hat whose hues match the skirt, these
coats have much to endure them to the
heart of woman, and, maybe, mankind,
for I steadily refuse to believe that in
these days of ultra-smart dressing there
lives a man with soul so dead that he
does not like—may, insist—on his women-
folk being properly "turned out."

Another type of garment in high favor
just now is the lace coat, or coatée, so
if you should happen to light on one of
these at a price which renders it possi-
ble for your purse, take my advice and
invest forthwith, as they are veritably
on white they are ideal, whilst in white
or cream-color—the latter is, I believe,
first favorite—they are equally charming,
if somewhat more fragile. The very
elegant, however, should beware of their
fascinations when in the too light hues,
since they are most distinctly "not for
them."

Talking of these coatées brings me to
the subject of lace, and I would counsel
you to secure as much of this, when you
come across it of good quality, as you
can afford. This has been most distinctly
a lace season, and the rage for it is in-
creasing with each day that passes. Lace
motifs appear in some shape or another
on every second gown one meets. Lace
vests, lace collars, lace capes, mounted
on white satin for preference, and much
frilled—these things are exceedingly popu-
lar, and you will be quite safe in in-
vesting in any or all of them; whilst
the lace robes, either mounted or un-
mounted, made or unmade, are an equally
sound investment for those who can
afford them. If with trains, so much
the better; though, as the trained lace
gowns are but just introduced, there is,
I fear, little chance of encountering them
in a "reduced state" at any of the sales.

Ribbon, which has been in such high
favor ever since the commencement of
the season, is still as popular as ever;
wherefore, you may safely purchase any
lengths of suitable coloring which may
chance to fall in your way, or you in
theirs, bearing in mind that knife-pleated
frills of ribbon are to be used to adorn
our early autumn frocks, and that a dark-
brown cashmere with knife-pleated frills
of scarlet, turquoise-blue, or orange has
much to recommend it. Only be wise
in time, and avoid short lengths, as these
for trimming purposes are worse than
useless.

I must tell you before I close that the
latest whim in Paris as regards footgear
is the black suede shoe with buckles.
It certainly has one advantage—that of
making the foot appear half its usual
size.

Another fad—I can really call it no-
thing else—is that just started by some
of the big Parisian dressmaking houses,
which consists of lining dresses with a
thin make of cashmere, in order to obtain
the proper clinging effect now so fash-
ionable. Silks, foulards, even muslins
and cashmeres themselves are being lined
with this material, although in a thin
make, and as, in addition, dresses are
also being freely padded upon the hips,
Parisienne are, I should imagine, hav-
ing an unpleasantly-warm time of it.

"Passe."

(J. J. Bell in the Sketch.)

The roses are rusty, the wine has gone
sour,
The women are tiresome from forehead
to last,
I have looked at my eyes in the glass for
an hour—
And I know that my summer is past.

So scatter the garden, and shatter the
bowl,
And speak the dull truth to the women
at last,
It's got to be done, but it's burning a soul
In the sun of a summer that's past.

Was I ever in love? Well, there's one
that is gone,
And it's better she didn't remain to the
last,
But I sometimes reach out for her hand
In the dawn
When I dream that my summer is past.

Afraid? Well, there's not many men who
could keep
The peace I enjoyed, and there's fewer
could last * * *
Ay, it's strange that these midnight
should find me asleep—
But I know that my summer is past.

If it's good to be sorry, God knows I am
good—
Or, is it that I'm but a coward at last?
There was many a deed I'd have done if
I could
In the beautiful summer that's past.

Nay! I can't come to-night, dear old
comrade, I can't!
You say we must have one big rush
for the last,
But I'm tired, and the fireside's the place
that I want * * *
But don't tell them my summer is past!



Beads for dress trimmings as well as
necklaces. Silver and gold, pearls
and amethysts, and all the dainty
enamels are to be worn as edges
to collars and to replace the
shoulder puff or ruffle which
will be de mode this winter.

Revived on the Dissecting Table.

(Paris Correspondence of the London
Standard.)

The dissecting-room of the Military
Hospital of Algiers has just witnessed
the resuscitation of a soldier who had
been supposed to be dead for three days.
It was at the very moment when the
Professor of Surgery was about to dis-
sect the supposed corpse that the soldier
suddenly awoke from a prolonged leth-
argy. The three persons who witnessed
the scene were struck with such amaze-
ment that they were at first unable to
do anything. It was not till after they
had seen the supposed corpse quietly sit
off the marble slab on which he was to
have been dissected, and go into an ad-
joining room to write a few words on a
sheet of paper to assure himself that
he was really alive and awake, that the
doctor and his assistants came to his
aid. It is stated that the recovery of
the soldier is absolutely complete.

Tennis Costume!



We are to wear overskirts. Here is an advance costume in white pique. The
pointed overskirt in this instance is trimmed like the waist and lower
skirt with wide galunette bordered with five tufts of mauve ba-
tiste. Amethyst buttons. Rice straw hat, simply trim-
med with large Louis XVI. bow of black velvet.

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Sole Props., Boston. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London, E.C. "How to Have Beautiful Hands," free.

A Fall Tailor-Made!



Gown of cashmere cloth with four flounces on the skirt. The little coat has a
vest of white linen. The muslin cravat is edged with lace. The three
cornered hat of gray felt has only strappings of white felt for
trimming. The very close sleeve flares out over the
hand. This is an advance costume and
an elegant model for the fall.